The members of the Meth dist Episcopal Church here have been invited to assist the board of church extension of the denomination to raise \$1,000.000. The board says: "A new church within the ensuing three years for every year in the Christian era, and one hundred added to complete the twenty centuries, is the call we propose to make on the gratitude of the people in behalf of the board of church extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which, in a third of a century, has aided in the erection

third of a century, has aided in the erection of 11,000 churches."

Notwithstanding many reports to the

Notwithstanding many reports to the contrary, the Catholic Church is holding its own in Cuba, according to a letter received in this city. The writer of the letter, among other things, says: "The Spanish descendant is a Catholic, normally and practically, and the old faith of his fathers is in his blood as strong as his love for country, but he needs awakening. White

and is under the guidance of the republic.

"Father Jones of the Augustinians preached his first sermon in English to American tourists and Catholics in Havana recently, at the old chapel adjoining the property of the Augustinians, who were expelled by the Spaniards some fifty years ago because of their Cuban tendencies. Father Jones expects to draw all

the education of women. Surely the Lord hath remembered our low estate. This will be an era for the cause. The work will not stop with this institution." Miss Lyon was for twelve years principal of Mount Holyoke Seminary, and during that time the teachers almost gave their services as a work of benevolence. For many years the teachers were all chosen from Mount Holyoke graduates, but at present though all



PARLOR AND RECEPTION ROOM. MARY BRIGHAM HALL,

MT.HOLYOKECOLLEGE

Excitement Over the Coming Visit of the President.

PREPARATIONS IN HIS

Sketch of the Institution for Educating Women.

RAPID DEVELOPMENT

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star, MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE. SOUTH HADLEY, Mass., June 15, 1800. President McKinley's much anticipate visit to the town and college is the all-Springfield, Holyoke, Northampton, and in fact, all the towns of the Connection valley, are agog with excitement over the President's coming, it is Mount Holyake College and its commencement event which will have first claim on the Presi dent during his stay in New England, Th. attraction that brings President McKinley to the quiet old town of South Hadley at this season is the graduation of hi niece, Miss Grace Howe McKinley, from the college in the class of TO. It will be the first time in her history that Mount Hol-



Mrs. C. S. Mend. President of Mr. Helyone College.

over the electric road from Holyoke shortover the electric road from Holyoke shortly before the hour of the baccalaureate exercises at the college, and the President
and Mrs. McKinley will go at once to
Mary Brigham Hall, the dormitory in which
Miss Grace McKinley lives. Early Sunday
evening after supper at Mary Brigham
Hall one presidential party will return to
Helyoke, where they are to be the guests
of William Whiting, who served with
President McKinley during his congression-President McKinley during his congression-On Monday the President will divide his

Perhaps the turning point in the career of Mount Holyoke College came in September, 1896, when a great fire destroyed the original main building, and left the institution practically homeless. Ever since that day the college has taken on new life and vigor and has been exceedingly fortunate in everything pertaining to its material wel-fare. Donation after donation was sent to the trustees of the college in response to their stirring appeal for financial aid, and in less than a year seven modern, well-equipped bulldings arose from the ashes of the old-fashioned structure. All this work of rebuilding has been extremely arduous. but it has been carried on with tireless energy by the devoted friends of the col-lege, especially the alumnae, who have al-ways been the most prominent factors in its well-being. An idea of the type of women who have been graduated from Mount Holyoke may be gained from a glance over a list which includes the names of Miss Ada Howard, first president of Wellesley College; Miss Mary Evans, principal of Lake Eric Seminary, Painesville, Ohio; Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, founder of the Inter-national Institute of Spain; Miss Mary E. Milkins, the author, who was at Mount Holyoke in '71; Miss Lucy Stone, Miss Mary Henry, a writer of girls' books; Edna Dean Proctor and Mrs. Lucy Wright Mitchell, whose "History of Sculpture" is of recog-

yoke graduates, but at present though all are women except Prof. Alfred Fletcher of the music school, they represent the culture of Smith. Wellesley, Oberlin, Berlin, Cambridge and Original

The present president of the college, Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Mead, was connected with Oberlin College for thirteen years, and had studied extensively abroad before accepting

e presidency of Mount Holyoke, ten years

bridge and Oxford.

nized merit.

The Mount Holyoke College student to-Monday the President will divide his between Smith College at Northamp-where his niece, Miss Barber, was a



THE GRADUATING PROCESSION.

and attend the Banjo and Glee Club wert at Meuri Helyoko College Monday ming. The final commencement exer-es will be held in Mary Lyon Hall Tues-morning, when President McKinley has mised to make a short address to the duates and award them their degrees. Blowing the President's address Roger dlowing the President's address, Roger olcatt, Massachusetts' handsome young verner, will briefly address the students. triotic celebration, and on Thursday President and Mrs. McKinley leave for Adams, Mass., where they will be entertained until Moneay at the home of W. B. Plunkett, president of the Beston Home Market Club, a warm personal friend of the President's.

Mount Holyoke College.

Mount Holyoke College, which receives the chief honor from this trip of the Presdent, is an institution of learning for young women, that deserves all the added renown at will come to it. To have the name of he college heralded throughout the length and breadth of the country during the com-ing week will be of inestimable advantage. President McKin'ey was no doubt familiar with the spiendid record of the institution before he decided to send his nice there for a four years' course of study, and on his first visit here he will certainly find a great deal to approve and admire. Few col leges have been more completely transformed in so short a space of time as has Mount Holyoke. As a result of the untiring efforts of Mary Lyon it came about that just 200 years after the founding of the lirst college for men, the first institution designed exclusively for the other time of The College has ever entertained a President of the Unit 1 States, and both the faculty and stadents are planning to make the mest of the hour, which has come to then thisses one of their own gradulates. The main analogue balledge, Mary

student before going to live at the White House, and Mt. Holyoke Callege. It is not yet definitely known whether he will spend the morning at Smith and the afternoon at Manut Holyoke or view versa, but in either event the presidential party will be given a reception by the rownspeople of South Hadley and attend the Femin and Glee Chib. by such organizations as the "Views Afoot Club," "The Pedestrians," the basket ball team, tennis and boating clubs. Among the social organizations are the "Anti-Monotony Club" and the clubs which from the "Pine Tree Club" to the "We Westerners" represent the different states. The Young Women's Christian Association in the inter-Women's Christian Association in its inter-collegiate and home relations is one of the largest and most flourishing organizations at Mount Holyoke. Members of the asso-ciation lead the college prayer meetings, and also embrace social features in their domain by always giving the first reception of the year to the freshmen class.

The President's Niece.

Miss Grace McKinley is an active member of the Y. W. C. A., as well as of several other societies at the college. Personally Miss McKinley is a large, athletic-looking girl, with fluffy light hair and merry blue eyes, and a general favorite. The girls all: swear by Grace, as they call her affectionately "she's so kind to everybody," they say, and "not one whit of a snob because of her uncle's high position." No girl in the college will say "good-bye" to more genuine friends when commen ment is over next Wednesday than President McKinley's popular niece, who will sing, with the rest of Mount Holyoke '99, "Holyoke, Holyoke, tried and true. We will love her ever, alma mater and the biue, we'll forsake, no, never!"

HARRIET HUDSON. IN THE CHURCHES

Rev. Dr. Radeliffe of this city, who presided at one of the evening meetings during the sessions of the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Minneapolis recently, had the management of an incident which, it is said, was almost without a precedent. An effort was being made to collect enough money to send a young Princeton graduate to India as a missionary. In one of the baskets there was found a plain gold ring, worth about \$5. Inquiry developed that it had been placed in the basket by a young lady, who, having no money, took that means of showing her devotion to the missionary cause. The story reached Dr. Radcliffe, and he suggested that the ring should be redeemed and not sold, and something near \$25 was contributed with that in view. The next day Dr. Radcilffe mentioned the case to some of the members of the general as-sembly. The result was that the sum of \$318 was collected from those present, making \$341 raised as the result of the young lady putting the ring in the basket, besides which she got her ring back.

The ministers and members of the M. E. Church South in this city have received a request from the college of bishops, asking them to observe a week of prayer, beginning the 25th instant. The week will, it is expected, be observed in all Southern Methalical and the college of the southern Methalical and the college of the college odist churches. The request is made by the bishops "with the view of deepening the spiritual life of the church and creating interest in all its departments of especially the educational department, for the benefit of which a twentieth century thank-offering is to be made.'

A movement has been started which has for its object an important change in the manner of trying Methodist Episcopal min-isters who may be charged with any viola-

The proposition, briefly stated, is that, when charges sufficiently grave to demand when charges sufficiently grave to demand a trial are presented against a minister, the bishop in charge is to appoint a committee of not less than nine nor more than fifteen members of the conference, who shall try the alleged offender. It will require a two-thirds vote to convict, but, after conviction, a majority may determine the penalty majority may determine the penalty. Among the many reasons asking for the above are that the present system makes no provision for the trial of a member of conference until the regular annual session of that body; also that a trial at an annual conference is undesirable, because it not only retards the business for which the ministers come together, but interferes with the various society anniversaries. Be-sides, if a scandal is involved, there is apt to be not only intense interest among the members of the conference; but, if the trial be public, outsiders who are not concerned are likely to be present, and frequently discredit is brought both upon the individual on trial and the denomination to which he

Rev. Dr. B. L. Whitman, president of Columbian University, has been chosen one of the vice presidents of the Missionary Society of the Baptist Church. This society has now in its employ 1,092 missionaries and teachers. These are distributed as follows: New England states, 43: middle and central states, 84; southern states, 201; western states and territories, 722; Dominion of Canada, 17; Mexico, 19; Alaska, 2; Cuba, 2; Porto Rico, 2. They have French missionaries in six states. Scandinavier in sionaries in six states, Scandinavian in twenty-four states and Manitoba, German in twenty states and Canada, colored in rineteen states and territories. Among the foreign population there are 300 mission-aries and twelve teachers; the colored peo-ple, 55 missionaries and 190 teachers; the Indians, 22 missionaries and 27 teachers;

years ago because of their Cuban tenden-cles. Father Jones expects to draw all American Catholics to his chapel for serv-ices because of the instruction given in English. Already the hand of the active American can be seen in the application he has made of broom and paint pot, and in his well-defined ideas of modern art in the adornment and improvement of his chapel. chapel.

"Father Jones would impress one as a man of wide experience and thought, who will rapidly gain the co-operation of all Americans by his ability for work and his solicitous regard for the sick and dying soldiers in the Havana hospital. His attendance to their spiritual comfort and tendance to their spiritual comfort and needs is ever in demand, and this respon-sibility, in addition to his duties as a priest n charge of the American Havana colony, leaves him no time at his disposal. Of all men he is one of the most needed, and, moreover, one of the most respected by the Americans in Havana." As heretofore stated in The Star, the inth international convention of the Baptist

As hetetolore stated in The Star, the ninthinternational convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America will be held in Richmond, Va., July 13 to 16, inclusive. The Washington and Baltimore delegates will go south together, leaving Baltimore on a York river steamer. At West Point, Va., they will take a Southern railway train for Richmond. The headquarters of the delegation in Richmond will be at Ford's Hotel. Several side trips will be taken during and after the convention, one of which will be to Washington. The sessions of the convention will be held in the Auditorium, which seats 12,500 persons. Among the speakers will be Revs. Drs. W. W. Landrum of Atlanta, P. S. Henson of Chicago, C. Woelfkin of Brooklyn, N. Y. Other distinguished Baptists will also deliver addresses.

The Episcopalians at Kensington, Md. are in possession of their chapel. The work of construction was commenced the 21st day of August last, with Rev. David Barr, below W. H. K. Marra day of August last, with Rev. David Barr, missionary, in charge, Mr. H. K. Mannakee gave the use of his hall for the services, which were held there until March 31, when the congregation began using the chapel, for which they now have a deed, and are earnestly working to pay for it. The work has rapidly progressed, in consequence of the persistent work of a few interested persons. few interested persons

Rev. H. V. Plummer, pastor Metropolitan Baptist Church, Kansas City, Kansas, and former pastor of Bladensburg Baptist Church, has returned for a visit and will preach the anniversary se densburg association tomorrow

WERE "BATTERY BROKE."

The Behavior of Two Horses That Knew Only Three Things. From the New York Sun.

Horses in the artillery are required to know just three things. When they know these three pieces of information they are called "battery broke," and they are relieved from all obligations to know another thing during their careers. The first item in the education of the artillery horse is that when he is standing still he is to stand still, regardless of everything, until he gets the next order. The next point is that when he is ordered to go then go he shall for all there is in him. The third point is that when halted he shall swing around in the direction from which he has come and stand stock still, and that is the prettiest of all, for it goes to the tune of 'battery front into action." When a horse in the artillery knows those three things he's "battery broke," and he never needs to know any more. If there is need of a few other bits of miscellaneous informa-tion the horse looks to the artilleryman to know them

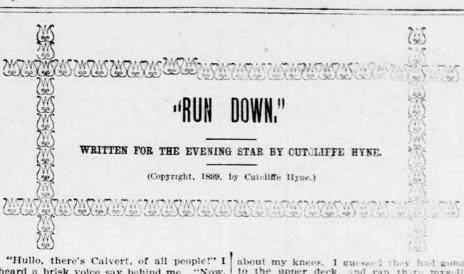
to know them.

The simplicity of all this is what raised hob on the farm. The commanding officer of the farm had bought a pair of condemned horses at an army sale. Fine, big, demned horses at an army sale. Fine, big, heavy beasts they were, and there is seldom too much the matter with the horse when the army comes to sell him, so there is many a good bargain to be had in that way so long as one doesn't mind the and the condemned brand on his bit s. and the concemned brand of stock. This farmer maybe didn't know the difference, or perhaps he forgot to make sure, and there was nobody at the sale to tell him that these were "battery broke" horses that knew only three things and would never know more nor less. The farmer had out his pair in a big field, where he was busy about some of the which keep farmers busy at this time of year. They were hitched up to a good big farm wagon, which took up about as much room as the caisson and limber did in the light battery in which these horses had served, but it didn't begin to weigh anyhing like as much, and was just easy for those two horses. All went well so long as it was a question of using the first idea those horses had. The field was a big one, and they were stopped at one end of it. There they stood. The farmer chirruped at them to follow him along the row he was setting out. When that was without result he yelled, "Get ap!" with trimmings. The order was not military, but the trimmings seemed natural; they reminded the horses of the artillery. Still, the order for the forward march had not come, and the horses were too well trained to budge. At last the farmer came running up with a whole lot of almost genuine artillery ianguage and grabbed the whip and lashed the horses. He did not hurt them—tney were too tough for that—but he did convey the impression that the time had come to bring their second idea into play. They started for the other red of the field full tilt, as they had been taught to go under all circumstances, and with the fine scorn of what may be in the way which charachorses were too well trained to budge. At all circumstances, and with the fine scorn of what may be in the way which characterizes the artillery. Along toward the other end of the field it seemed to strike them that things were not altogether as they used to be in the old battery; there were no drivers to keep the pace up and to use language. But they found a farm road which worked them around the field nearly to where they started. This brought them back to the farmer, and the way in which he was swearing made them feel natural once more. Therefore, when he got close enough to them to enforce his order, although "whoa!" was not quite the same as "halt!" they wound up in fine shape; they swung the farm wagon clear around with a good imitation of battery front in action. But the wagon was so much lighter than

But the wagon was so much lighter than the piece to which they were used that damage resulted. The contents of the wagon

were shot out upon the advancing farmer and left him buried under a heap. The wagon body was huried far away through the air and came to grief by striking the trunk of a tree, the wheels went off on independent careers, and most of the harness came to grief. But the horses stood stock, still awaiting the part order. They had

came to grier. But the horses stood stock still awaiting the next order. They had run through the list of their small accom-plishments and they were content, for they were "battery broke."



heard a brisk voice say behind me. "Now, he's the very man. I'll introduce you to him this minute, and then we'll go below about the steamer that I knew. She lay down sodden and rumb in the sea, and rese

country, but he needs awakening. While Spain yielded a revenue to the church of Spain yielded a revenue to the church of \$18,000,000 annually, it was to be expected that her policy would be to support the government, and that her suggestions as to important appointments would receive consideration. This state of politics may explain some things which appear strange elike to Catholics and Protestants plain some things which appear strange alike to Catholics and Protestants.

"The funeralism, as well as the sad, heavy atmosphere, surrounding many of the old Spanish churches and religious houses adapted itself to the moods and tastes of the people. With the light and progress of the future, ever conducing to its advantage, the church will gain added encouragement, strength and respect, and be an arbitrator in many perplexities which will arise. No institution has so much work ahead of it and such splendid promise of success as has the Catholic Church in Cuba, when that land is under the guidance of the republic. "Father Jones of the Augustinians preceded to the success as the contract of the success of the sugustinians of the success of the suc

I turned my head and saw Vanrennan elbowing his way amongst the crowd which swarmed on the steamer's bridge deck between the gangway and the head of the first-class companion. He had a couple of dressing bags in his fists, a bundle of rugs under his arm and a pair of ladies in his train. To these last he introduced me.

Mrs. Codrington and my sister Mabel. They're going across to New York to stay with some friends, and then when the warm weather comes they're off with a party to see the Yosemite valley. They'll be met on the wharf at the other side, but up to there they'll be two lone, lorn females, and I want you to give them the benefit of your countenance and do the genial watchdog business. By the way, you're taking matters pretty coolly. You look either as if you had been settled here for a week or else had no connection with the steamer whatever. I suppose you are crossing by her?"

I turned my head and saw Vanrennan had found her driffing, and bearded her in midocean, and had just time to leave her decks before she sank down to the seven her decks before she sank down to the seven midoce. The mail steemer was going to repeat that dive—and she was carrying a thousand human lives.

The bridge deck lay atilt like the roof of a house, and it was carpeted with human-lives. The bridge deck lay atilt like the roof of a house, and it was carpeted with human-lives. The bridge deck lay atilt like the roof of a house, and it was carpeted with human-lives. The bridge deck lay atilt like the roof of a house, and it was carpeted with human-lives. The bridge deck lay atilt like the roof of a house, and it was carpeted with human-lives. The bridge deck lay atilt like the roof of a house, and it was carpeted with human-lives. The bridge deck lay atilt like the roof of a house, and it was carpeted with human-lives. The bridge deck lay atilt like the roof of a house, and it was carpeted with human-lives.

The bridge deck lay atilt like the roof of a house, and it was carpeted with human-lives.

The bridge deck lay atilt li

ing after yourself. What do 'you think of the boat?"

Now, for myself, I had seen the useles

and see your room and backsneesh the steward into civility."

I turned my head and saw Vanrennan of bouring him the say and found found for drifting, and boarded her in midesays.

look either as if you had been settled here for a week or else had no connection with the steamer whatever. I suppose you are crossing by her?"

I laughed. "Oh, yes," I said, "I came on board her sixteen minutes ago, saw the purser and found I knew him; made him give me the best room in the ship instead of the one I'd got; carted my things in there one time and locked the door, and then cleared out here and didn't worry any more."

"You're an old, bold hand," said Vanrennan, "and many years of wandering have made you perfect in the art of looking after yourself. What do 'you think of

"Oh, she's a fine steamer and she'll do ness of thinking about my own hide till a quick passage. Moreover, because she is matters were somewhat further advanced,

THE PORT BOATS HUNG IN BOARD AGAINST THEIR DAVITS,

bly less, for instance, than you would be exposed to if you traveled by train for a week backward and forward between London and Glasgow. In fact if you care to give me the sum of one penny apiece I'll insure you each for £1,000 against fatal ac-

cident all the way across, like the weekly papers do ashore. Come, now, will you let me do that stroke of business?"
"Save your coppers," said Vanrennan, laughing. "Calvert is too grasping. Come along down below and get settled in your courters and then hid me an affectionate. quarters and then bid me an affectionate good-bye. I shall have to clear if I don't want to be taken on. Ta-ta, Calvert, old chap. So awfully good of you to take these damsels under your charge. Hope you all have a good time on the other side, and not get frozen on the road. Good-bye,"

We hove up at dusk that afternoon, and because the channel outside was white with an ugly, choppy sea there were fiddles on the table at dinner and extraordinarily few diners. I sent down dry champagne and biscuits to Mrs. Codrington's room, and then, seating myself next to the purser,

made a gorgeous meal.

"We do ourselves well here in the grub
line, don't we?" said the purser. "Better
than the English boats. We're dragging all
the passenger trade away from them now.
Come along down to my room for your coften and we'll have a quiet smoke hefore I fee, and we'll have a quiet smoke before I get to work squaring up my papers. Lord: I wouldn't care to be the old man tonight! He'll be perched there freezing on the upper bridge till we're bang clear of the chan-nel, and very likely for the next twenty-four hours after that, if the weather's at all thick. He's got just over a thousand human lives on this ship, and I guess they give him all the responsibility he's any use for. Steward, bring me down a bottle of green chartreuse to my room. Now, Mr. Calvert, if you're ready."

The purser and I talked western ocean shop during the burning of the two Cuban cigars, and then he turned to at work and I slipped off to the smoke room and read the illustrated papers. It was 11 o'clock before the smoke room steward hinted that the hour of closing had come. I went out into the night, a black, misty

night full of rain and spindrift driving down from the nor nor west. I cocked my eye and saw the skipper and two mates patrolling the upper bridge; on the break of the deck ahead of me were three men in glistening oilskins; in the crow's nest forward were two others; and I shivered luxuriously, and thanked the fates that I was a mere passenger who could travel in abso lute safety and have no watch to keep. And then I went below and made fast my port-manteau and turned in. Sleep humored me at once. I woke to the tune of colliding ships and

the full orchestra of death. To say that my senses came to me withfloor, and for a minute or so lay there stunned. Something serious was going on. I be-

came dully conscious of this, and with an effort roused myself and stared curiously at the curtain rod of the bunk, which lay doubled up and twisted between my hands Then it began to be borne in upon me that the ship was awake with screaming and the tramping of frightened feet, and then the interpretation of these things came to me in a flash. We were in collision.

A man snatched open my door, stam-mered out, "We're going down! Oh, what shall I do?" and ran away shouting. The ship was full of noise and darkness and hammering. The propeller had stopped, no light came when I turned the electric switch, and we had so heavy a list to starboard (my side) that already the ports were covered most of the time. It was precisely clear that the steamer was in a bad way, and one's first and most natural instir

and one's first and most natural instinct was to bolt for the upper decks.

I'm ashamed to say that I had aiready rushed outside the door, with this idea, before I got my wits in hand again. But then I pulled myself up, and went back and dragged on some heavy serge clothes over my pajamas, and added boots and a whisky fizsk, after which I pounded off along the alleyways to the room which Mrs. Codrington shared with the Vanrennan girl. The door of it was slamming noisily with the roll of the ship. I looked inside. The place was empty, and from out of the darkness came a swirl of water, which ran coldly

a foreigner they'll feed us extremely well, which is a great thing for this time of year."

"Then you think we shall have a very bad crossing?" Mrs. Codrington asked, anxiously.

"We may have a breeze or we mayn't. The western ocean is always delightfully uncertain about that. But I was thinking about the cold. There'll be precious little going out on deck; meals will be the most interesting item of the day, and therefore a good table is a distinct pleasure to look forward to."

"Do you think there is any danger?" said Mrs. Codrington.

I smiled. "Remarkably little. Considerably less, for instance, than you would be sainted to heavily insure two ladders it was for the trifling premium of two copper coins. So from the moment of combing out on deck I had been employed in hunting for these charges among the mob, and had not been sparing vigor in the process. There were 900 people wedged into one group, and it was not a possible thing to go through these singly. So I had gone round outside the bulwark rail, occasionally climbing up by a stanchion or a stay, and had gazed down on the huddle of faces from above; and when I found the two that were wanted I fought my way to them with elbow or shut fist as required. Mrs. Codrington wore a flannel dressing gown, and as the other girl had turned out in a sin-

as the other girl had turned out in a singularly becoming garment of cotton, I gave her my own pilot jacket, and stole also for her (by brute force) a spotted carriage rug

from a Polish Jew.
"New," I said, "there's string in the pocket of that jacket, and this thing will make you an elegant skirt. You'd much better stop being frightened, and then we can get along more comfortably. You aren't going to get drowned, or anything like it. I've insured you for \$1,000 apiece to Vanrennan, and I can't afford to let you come to grief at that price. When these fools have stopped struggling and squealing, you shall go off in a big boat and join another steamer. We shall ten round us in half an hour. Look at those rockets"

Mrs. Codrington gripped my arm. "Ther you think we have a chance of—" she began, and "B'm—m—m—m," said the great

began, and 'B m-m-m-m, said the great steam horn from above.

When we could hear ourselves speak again, and while the captain was giving his orders from the upper bridge, the purser

came to my elbow.
"Here, Calvert," he said in my ear,
"you're a man. Those port boats won't
lower any way; she's listed too much ever. I don't know whether we can get the star-beard boats in the water without swamping, with this sea running, but we've got to try; and if any one goes off in them except the boat crews, it's got to be the wo men and kids. Same old yarn, yknow. So you've got to peg out any way, and you may as well do it in a way that'll make you respect yourself. Ah, would you?' He knocked down a frantic German who was battling his way toward one of the star-board boats with a revolver outstretched. He wrenched away the weapon, and gave

it me, "Here's a gun, old man, Jus wire in and murder the swine if they try to swamp you. They'll soon see those port boats won't lower, and they'll be back her Now a peculiar feeling had come over me. I had made up my mind that I had got to die, and didn't waste time by being

sorry for myself over it. All my brain was turned on two objects. First, I had got to keep my ticket clean by seeing that the two girls I was looking after were sent away clear of the mess. And second, I wanted to leave a very red mark on the cowards who were wasting other people's lives because they could not save their own. That last wish amounted to a mania. I was ashamed of being a man while some of those brutes lived and could call

themselves men also.

One of the starboard boats had been lowered already, packed with people. But before she was in the water the after fall had jammed in the block, and because the other out flurry and at once would be too great a took charge, she tilted bow downward, and spill her wretched freight into the chargeneath I was banged up against the iron roof of the cabin. I pitched back on the ing seas. Another boat was swung out, and lay beating against the rail as the steamer rolled. I would have hustled my two charges into her, but she was crowded in an instant and lowered away. She took the water safely, shoved off, and with oars straddling out on either side, crawled away over the inky water like some uncouth in

sect.
Then came the rush. The list had grown till the port boats hung inboard against their davits, and the waiting crowds beside them saw that that road of escape was cu off for good. In half the tongues of Pente cost they screamed into the windy night that the ship was sinking, sinking-and each brute among them thought that his own life was worth more than all the hono and the wealth the world combined. They poured down the slope of the decks in a raving horde-Polish and Russian Jews, Hungarian peasants—fleeing from the con-scription; Italian thieves, Belgian stokers— a foul gush from the dregs of Europe; and

a foul gush from the dregs of Europe; and with them came men who ought to have known better, but who had gone mad also, smitten by this same infection of terror.

I had slung the two women on to the floor grating of No. 3 lifeboat, and stood with my back against the gunwale. One of the mates, a gigantic Swede, rose up beside me, his teeth gritting with fury, and a belaying pin gripped in his hand. Three deck hands were sweating and swearing at the falls, getting the boat lifted off her chocks and swung overboard.

The other women on the decks were knocked down and stamped on, and the mob of men leaped at the boat. It was no time for words. The mate and I hit out at

every face we could reach with savage fury, but none turned to hit again. They scrabbled at the boat's gunwales with their hands, and those behind tore the leaders back. I could have beat in their faces in my hate; but-I could not bring myself to shoot there was subject to shoot there was subject. shoot; there was nothing there

bullet.

The boat was lifted from its bed and swung outboard. The steamer had ceased to roll, and the seas were coming green on her bridge-deck rail. The boatwas floated almost before the falls were let go, and a wave came up and swayed her clear. The crowd shrieked and drew back up the slanting decks.

ing decks.

I leaned up against a davit, my breath returning to me in labored pants. But the Swedish mate left me, and if ever murder showed in a man's eye I saw it gleamling from his them; and shrieks coming through the darkness told what his fury was doing. He, at any rate, I told myself, would die warm.

But the last for maining had left me. But the last of the hoats had gone, and the women and children who were left had got to die with us men, and with these who were infinitely less than men. The rockets were still spouting up in unwaried series rom the upper bridge, and once I saw the surser pass me, jaunty as of yere, with a It cigar in his fingers and an ance between his teeth that all w well. But I heeded him little. The death was nipping me with its agues, and there were women left, and I had got to

Stay.

Then of a sudden there burst out a rear, and a clang of iron, and a gush of scalding steam; and the docks ripped and splintered, and the steam rushed down in gray, peeling clouds. No, not that death, I vanited the rail, and sank.

rail, and sank.

The instinct of the swimmer is curious. I had gone over the side quite satisfied that escape was hopeless, and intending to drown with one long plunge. But no sooner did the icy water thunder in my cars than the old instinct made me strike out for the the old instinct made me strike out for the surface. But I could not reach it. I swam on for what seemed to be minutes, hours, years, thousands of years, my arms aching, the veins like to burst through my skin. And then it came upon me that the steamer had sunk and I was being dragged in her swirt down, down down as the first swirl down, down, down to the dark sea floor; down, down, where it was too colddown, down.

I opened my eyes and blinked-blinked again, and saw dimly the rough sea living room of lishers. It was wainscoted with bunks round to the rudder-case, and on the forward bulkhead was a fireplace, resplendent with brass. I imagined I was in one of the bunks, but was not very certain about it, and so coughed inquiringly. Somebody came to my side. I pondered a while, and then remarked, "I seem, somehow, to

know that coat."
"It's yours," said the some one, "Don't you remember? I'm Mable Vanrennan." This was more satisfactory. I woke further and inquired, "Where's the other—Mrs.—er—I forget?"
"Codrington," said a voice from one of the bunks. "Here."
I was getting on. "I'm afraid you must have lost all your clothes."

have lost all your clothes," was the next thing that occurred to me. "Yes," said the voice, "and such lovely diamonds."

Then came a torrent of sobbing, and be-tween sobs: 'Oh, how could I be so horrid as to think of such a thing now. There are only sixty picked up, they say. And all those other poor people drowned: Isn't it awful to think about?"

"Very probably." I said. "But we've saved our own skins, and I don't think we've anything to be ashamed of. It wasn't

my fault that some one gathered me up, though."

Then a man came in and stared at me thoughtfully—a fisherman in clumsy sea boots and brown patched oilskin.

"Closish squeak you've had, mister," said he, slowly. "We've just passed that other boat what run you down. She'd about seven foot of her bow gone and looked pretty sick. I tell you. We hatled her, to know if she wanted anything, but she said, 'No,' Got her steering goar fixed up again and was going to put in Portsmouth. again and was going to put in Portsmouth. She's a Welsh collier bound there. Rum go, this has been. Where was your steamer

"Haven't a notion." "Well, what were her water-tight bulk-heads doing?"

"Very sorry, but I can't tell you."
"If m," said the man. "Then what do you know about it?"
"Nothing," said I, "except that I m here

at present, and that just now I imagined I was drowned."
"Well," said the man, "you won't do much toward dirtying any poor beast of a sailor's ticket at the inquiry, that's one blessing. I'll send you in a can of tea and

then you'd better sleep. We're standing in for Penzance, to bring the news, because there ought to be a reward kicking about, and by the time you wake we should be there. there. So long."

Bryan in the Leather Trade.

From the New York Tribune, A Kentuckian who is visiting the city tells this story of the impression made by the boy orator in Louisville.

"Louisville, as you know, is one of the greatest tanning centers of the world," he said. "The day after William Jennings Bryan was in Louisville I was riding in a street car, when a passenger boarded the car and sat down next to me. He had the solid, robust look and dress of a cross between a German-American manufacturer and a tanyard laborer. The smell c tanyard was all over and all about him. He spied an old friend sitting just opposite

"'Lid you hear Bryan?' asked the friend.
"'I did,' said the tanner. 'What do you think of him?" said the

him in the car

friend 'Vell,' said the tanner, 'there iss only one trubble mlt Brine; he ain't got some sense. He's good for shust one ting; he would make a good drummer. He's certainly a fine traveler; makes five or ten towns a day-been doing it for several years without losing a day, and iss always full of vind. I gif him one hundred tollar a month to go on de road to sell leider. If necessary I gif him \$1.350 for de ferst year, butt I wouldn't make a contrackt mit him for more dan a year. He iss worth nearer \$1,200 as \$1,350, as a ledder drum-

mer, and good for nothing else. He knows a good deal, but what he knows iss wrong."

A THIN DISGUISE.

The cuttle fish has a tricky habit of covering his tracks by exuding an inky fluid which discolors the water and keeps him out of view. There's a good deal of the cuttle fish about some advertisements, notably those purporting to offer medical advice by a woman to women. An examination of the advertisement will show that no offer of a doctor's advice is really made. And all the clamor about "writing to a woman" is merely raised to divert attention from the fact that a doctor's advice is not really offered and cannot be given. The real question is not of writing to a woman or a man but of writing to a doctor,

For the advice of an unqualified woman is just as dangerous as the advice of an unqualified man.

Every day adds to the number of women who take advantage of Dr. Pierce's genuine offer of a consultation by letter free of cost. As chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. R. V. Pierce has, in a practice of over thirty years, treated more than half-a-million women for female troubles with the remarkable record of ninety-eight per cent, of cures. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, without fear and without fee. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers are mailed sealed in plain envelopes without print-ing of any kind upon them.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

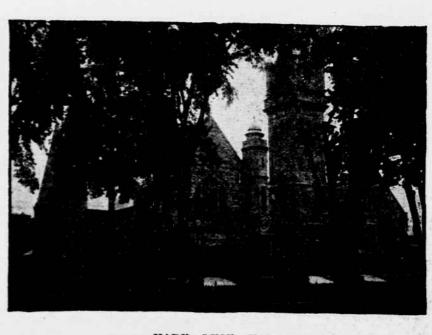
MARY ERIGHAM HALL.

Lyon Hall, the science building and Wil- ed college, with the power to grant degrees liston Hall will be handsomely desorated to its graduate, in the national colors, and from the front of each college domitory will float a huge

American flag

Will Go by Trolley Car. Although the presidential party, including Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley, Miss and others, will reach the city of Holyoke

Funds for the First Building. The funds for the first building were raised by that self-denying woman, Mary Lyon, who by correspondence and personal appeal overcame popular opposition to her scheme and secured the necessary sum from 1.800 subscribers in contributions Mabel McKinley, Secretary Cattelyou, Miss from 1.800 subscribers, in contributions ranging from 6 cents to \$1,000 each. When Saturday afternoon, the trip to the college here at South Hadley will not be made until Sunday afternoon. The Rocksimmon, a palatial crolley car, will bring the party



MARY LYON HALL, Mt. Holyoke College.